AN

ELEGY:

ON THE

Death of Her late

SACRED MAJESTY *MARY*

THE

Second, Queen of England, *&c.*

Who Dyed *December*, 28th 1694.

By *J. L. R.* of *S.*

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AN

ELEGY, on Queen *MARY*

THE

Second, Queen of *England*, &c.

HERE, Muſe, thy ſelfe into a *Veſtal* turn,
Such Fires alone ſhine in this Sacred urn,
Reſtrain thy lighter Fancy, as 'tis meet,
The ground's too ſacred for unhallow'd Feet.
But here an Iſle heav'd from the deep we ſee,
That it might ſacred to its Patron bee,
Another Delos.
Hence 'th muſes humbly beg, they ma'owne the hand
By which th'ave power to weep, by which they ſtand
The *Houſe of Commons and the houſe of Peeres.*
Contend no Priv'ledge now but that of teares.
To weep is now become the *Subiects Right*,
'Twere *Arbitrary Power* for to deny't,
The Rev'rend Snows from Miter'd heads diſtill
In teares, Like dews from of *Mount Sions* hill,
Which make the inferiour valleys fruitfull ſtill.
Nor is this greife within our Seas confin'd,
Spaine, Germany and Holland too are joyn'd.
Confederates in woe.
When *Alexander* ſaw *Darius* dead,
Not one inſulting or proud word he ſaid,

But with a gen'rous hand did nobly throw
His Royal mantle o're his Vanquiſh'd foe.
More Royall ſtill, becauſe employed Soe.
She fell not, *France*, by any power of Thine,
Our *Royall Oake* yeeldes only to the ſtroke divine.
Inſult not then: but let Thy *Lillys* come,
Joyn'd with our *Roſes*, to ſpread o're her tomb.
Shame! That the *Moſt Chriſtian King* ſhould bafled be
By Pagans thus in generoſity.
Th' old Chaos now returns, a delug'd world,
All things int' a common confuſion hurl'd,
Promiſcuous greife; No firmament appears
Dividing th' *Upper* from the *Lower teares.*
Her funerall Pomp thro 'th liquid Streets did paſſe,
(All Eyes ſeem'd ſuch) as if thro' *Seas of Glaſſe*,
Thus, th' *Iſraelitiſh Hoſt*, at Gods command,
Thro the Red ſea did goe, on either hand
Whilſt th' briney Floods, like Chryſtal walls, did ſtand
Oh! That the nation could be rated ſoe,
That each might bear 'is proportion of the woe,
Stupendious greife! How like our Souls, thou art
Whole in the whole, and whole in every part. *Ariſtotles* opinion of the Soul.
Our *Ramah* now doth Solemne mourning keep.
For us not *Rachel*, we for *Rachel* weep,
England is now a *Bacah*, Land of woe
A land of fountaines, tears doe make it ſoe.
But oh the horrour of that Royall floud,
Of greife! Next that which once wept drops of blood:
Here draw the Curtaines! Mortalls, diſtance keep,
Approach not near, where Majeſty doth weep,
Tears are moſt ſtrong and awfull, when cloſe kept,
Peter went out, when bitterly he wept. Luc. 22. 26.

Such

Such mutuall loue did th' one to'th other tye,
In him ſhe liues, in her he Seem'd to dye.
What Divine Myſterys of State we See,
One Single Soveraigne in Dualitye.
Some Kings doe make it their ambition.
Ours counts it th' greateſt Croſſe, to rule alone.
Thus God at firſt created two great Lights,
The one to rule the day, th' other the nights:
But theſe of ours ſhone with an equall ray,
The night, if any, well might paſſe for day:
Or if the *Shechinah* did ſometimes ſhine.
And ſometimes dark appear, t'was ſtill divine.

In her a perfect Scheme of heav'n we ſee,
Beauty without, within all pietye.
Whilſt *York and Lancaſter* in Beautys feild.
Contend, they both to 'th *Purple Roſe* muſt yeeld } Small Pox.
But with ſuch ſweetneſs ſhe reſign'd her breath }
T'would make us almoſt fall in love with death.
Strangers would not beleeue it, ſo to be,
Seeing all about her look more dead, than ſhe,
She did not Seeme to dye, but gently paſſe.
From hence, like *Enoch*, who tranſlated was,
Only her body ſhe did leave behind,
(All that was Mortall, to the Earth conſign'd)
This to the care of her Dear Lord ſhe left,
Of all, but th' *Royall Mantle*, now bereaft,
Thus by Survivourſhip he doth inherit,
A double portion of her heav'n-borne ſpirit.
Divinely thus ſhe ends the former yeare,
Enters thoſe ſcenes, where all things new appeare,
But heav'n perhaps not new to her did ſeem,

Where always had her Converſation beene.
Strange Paradox this! Vertuous hypocriſy;
She was more pious, then ſhe ſeem'd to be.
Devotion was moſt practis'd, when by none
T' was Seene, but only by th' *All-Seeing one*:
Like to that fire, which in ſome ſacred vrnes
Expires, when open'd; Cloſd, more ſtrongly burnes.
What mutual gifts 'twixt heav'n and earth now tend?
The heav'ns a God, a Goddeſſe th' Earth doth ſend.

When equall Sins for equall doome did call,
(And fire may juſtly on our Citys fall)
She not. like *Lot*, to *little Zoar* flyes,
But Scales the higheſt Mountaines of the Skyes.
Such ſacred Violence heav'n it ſelfe approves,
Triumphs when vanquiſh'd, and its Conquerour loves:
And if that heav'n our Citys pleaſe to ſpare.
We muſt impute it rather to her prayer.
Than to the number of the *Pious* there.
When *Moſes* on that great deſign was ſent,
Joyn'd in Commiſſion, *Aaron* alſo went,
Thus when our Queen her *heav'nly Progreſſe* goes,
Our* *Aaron* too his due attendance ſhowes.
Like *John the Baptiſt*, he prepares the way,
Thus angells did attend the *Shechinah*.
What fates muſt we expect, when th' Lord of Hoſts
Calls in theſe *Flaggs of Peace*, thoſe *whiter Ghoſts*,
And in that face, where Sweetneſs only lay,
Doth his *Red Flag* of angry war diſplay?

* *John*, late Lord Arch B. of *Cant.*

To'th Kingdome ſhe did ſtill her aid afford,
Or in her Cloſet, or at'th Councill Board.

Only

Only we knew not, whether to her cares.
We ow'd out ſafe'ty more, or to her prayers:
Thus *Iſrael* good or bad ſucceſſe did ſhare,
As *Moſes's* hands were lifted up in prayer.
Pious and prudent; wiſe, but from above,
The *Serpent* never Eating up the *dove.*
Reaſons of ſtate ſhe knew, yet practis'd none.
But what were founded in religion.
Her Councill, tho' in things of great'ſt concern,
Came not t' adviſe her, but of her to learne.
Kings from her Actions now their Rules will draw,
As from their great *Juſtiniana's* law.
Perhaps the only ſhe, whom men confeſſe
That Preſence did make great, and abſence leſſe.
If Queens of this our age as wiſe had beene,
As that of *Sheba*, we ſuch Gueſts had ſeene,
Paying ſuch frequent Viſits to our *Northerne Queene.*
Perfection only from your ſex muſt grow,
Th' world was not perfect, till that made it ſoe.
A Princely Meen ioyn'd with an humble dreſſe.
A ſtrange Majeſtick Greatneſſe did expreſſe.
Not *Solomon* more glorys did diſpenſe
Than ſhe, cladin her native Country's Innocence.
Hence will our Sages ſtill more learn'd appeare,
The more they underſtand their loſſes here.
God in Six days from the firſt Chaos brought
This glorious fabrick, by his wiſdome wrought,
Thus ſhe ſix Yeares in the like cares has ſpent,
In regulateing th' Engliſh goverment.
Such wonders once by *Moſes's Rod* were wrought
When he the *Iſraelites* out of *Egypt* brought.

The State reform'd, all greiveances redreſs'd,
This is her *Sabbath*, and her *yeare of reſt*.

She was the *Dowe*, ſent to a Forraigne land.
Brought back an *Orange-Branch*, at Gods command,
A ſigne of Peace or victory to our Brittiſh ſtrand.
Like *Joſeph*, when in power abroad, ſhe well
Conſults the ſafety of our *Iſrael*,
Belov'd abroad, and honoured at home,
Bleſſings, which rarely ev'n *to Prophts* come,
The *Belgick Provinces* in nothing were
Vnited more, than in their loue to her.
They there own *Heptarchy* did diſapproue, Seven united Provinces,
Diſſolv'd into a Monarchy of Love,
In her we'th vertues, without th' vices, ſee
Both of a *Common-wealth* and *Monarchy*.
William, that Eaſterne Sage came from afar,
Lead by the guidance of an *Engliſh ſtar*,
Where haveing made his Preſents,
Gold and Arabian Myrh are meaner things,
Theſe to each other are 'th *fit'ſt Offerings*,
Thus worſhipping, he did ſuccesfull prove,
Carrys away the obiect of his loue.
But *England* could not long her abſence beare,
Starrs ſhine moſt glorious in their native Sphere;
Thus *Providence* by theſe removealls meant,
By *Sev'rall* Schooles as't were of goverment,
To fit her for a Throne of higher fame,
Next to the *Bleſſed Lady* of that name,
She was the Firſt, the *Second* ours became.

T'was her peculiar glory, hers alone,
At once to merit, and refuſe a throne,
Vntill ſhe thought it duty to receiue.
VVith reverence, what heav'n thus Seem'd to give.
With th' ſame reluctance ſtill ſhe enter'd on.
The Goverment, when her Dear Lord was gone:
But nothing with more joy ſhe did reſtore,
Vnleſſe perhaps ſhe left this life with more.

Now the poore widdows, only rich in teares,
(And he moſt Pompous is, who thus appeares.)
Caſt their *two mites*, two weeping eyes they have,
To'th common Treaſury of greife, her grave.
Poor Orphans thus to greater ſtraits are put,
For heaven now has their *Exchequer* ſhut.
In other things the law did bound her will,
Only her *Charity* was boundleſſe ſtill;
From 'th King, her Second ſelfe, t'was ſometimeshid,
Her left hand knew not what the right hand did,
Lazarus at Dives gate in vaine implores,
Only the kinder dogs did lick his ſores:
But t'was her great Prerogatiue to ſaue.
The loſt, and cure the wounds, which fortune gave.
Bethesda only cur'd the firſt that came:
Her healing charity was ſtill the ſame
To all; thus to the laſt the *Lord* gave pay Mat. 20.8.
Equall to him, who bore the heat o'th day.
The *Church* and *ſtate* her only Children were.
Our *Nurſing-Mother* plac'd her thoughts only here.
Nor are they now, like Orphans, left at large,
Great William ſtill doth undertake the Charge,
Albion regaines its luſtre, and doth ſtand

Great Arbiter of *Europe*, Aarons wand
Bloſſomes; *Religion* and the *Laws* we ſee
Once more ſupporters of our Monarchy,
Her greateſt task of vertue ſeem'd to be,
'Mongſt all thoſe glorys
Still to preſerue that great humility.
Where ere ſhe was, ſhe ſtill was on a throne,
Her preſence either found, or made it one.
Yet ſtill ſhe humble was; none ere did know
At once a ſoule ſo high, a ſoul ſo low.
When liueing, none durſt her juſt prayſes Spread,
But truth will grant *Repriſealls* on the dead.

She came A *Propheteſſe*, not to unfold
New Truths, but teach us to obſerue the old,
T' her owne ſhe came, there for to carry on
That greater work of *Court-Converſion*,
A land, they ſay, was almoſt Pagan grown
No *Holy-water* now at Court appeares
(Strange Reformation!) but what flows in teares.
Truth and *Smcerity*, things long unknown,
Were to the Queen cheife *Maids of Honour* grown
The *Sacred Font* doth ſons o'th Church create,
But teares *baptize* us now true ſons o'th ſtate.
This haeving done, *Ali's finiſh'd now*, ſhe ſaid,
Now I *depart in peace*, and bow'd her head.

What Mary's *box of precious ointment* did
T' our *Saviour's* body never can be hid;
Its owne perfumes did ſo *Embalme* the thing.
Thus ſhall your name in future ages Spring,

Where

Where ere our *Engliſh Annalls* ſhall be read,
There ſhall your vertues their Sweet odours ſpread,
Here fix th' *Herculean Pillars* ! ſince in you
We ſee what *nature* joyn'd with *Grace* can doe.

To the King,

What miracles in *England* ſtill appeares.
Th' one *Pole*, on which did move our *Engliſh Sphere*,
Is quite remou'd : and yet no ſhocks of ſtate,
The *Engliſh Atlas* ſtill beares up the weight.
What ever proſperous to our realme has beene
In ſeuerall Reignes, in you alone is ſeen.
An *Eighty Eight* you cauſe us to remember,
Another happy *fifth day of November*.
Goe on, *Great Prince*, to fill our *Calendar*.
With ſuch auſpicious days of peace, or of ſucceſſull war.
You, Like that *Cloud*, which interpoſd, a *ſkreen*
The *Egyptians* and the *Iſrae'lites* betweene,
Tho' you Serene and calme appeare at home,
Yet when to a forraigne feild of war you come,
Then the black ſide o'th Cloud
Teemes nought, but thunder, from its pregnant womb
Suns ſetting in a watry Cloud, they ſay
Portends a ſtorme impending ; and may they
Who here refuſe to joyne their pious raine,
Feele the feirce fury of that Hurricane.
Beware, *proud France*, how thou doſt meet a foe
Doubly enragd

With thy unjuſt rejoycing, his juſt woe.
Leaſt he thy Citys into Aſhes turne,
As a *burnt Offering* at her injur'd vrne.
Epheſtion dead, thus Alexanders hoſt,
Did Sacrifice whole lands to *Deare Epheſtion's* Ghoſt.
Leaſt thy *proud fleet*, with all its *prouder names*,
We offer up once more in funerall *flames* ;
When *Cæſar* dy'd, thus did a *Comet* riſe,
A direfull omen to his Enemyes.

Tremble, *Proud France*. th' heavens will not deny't,
Our *Queene* did pray, for what our *King* doth fight.

FINIS.